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FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES

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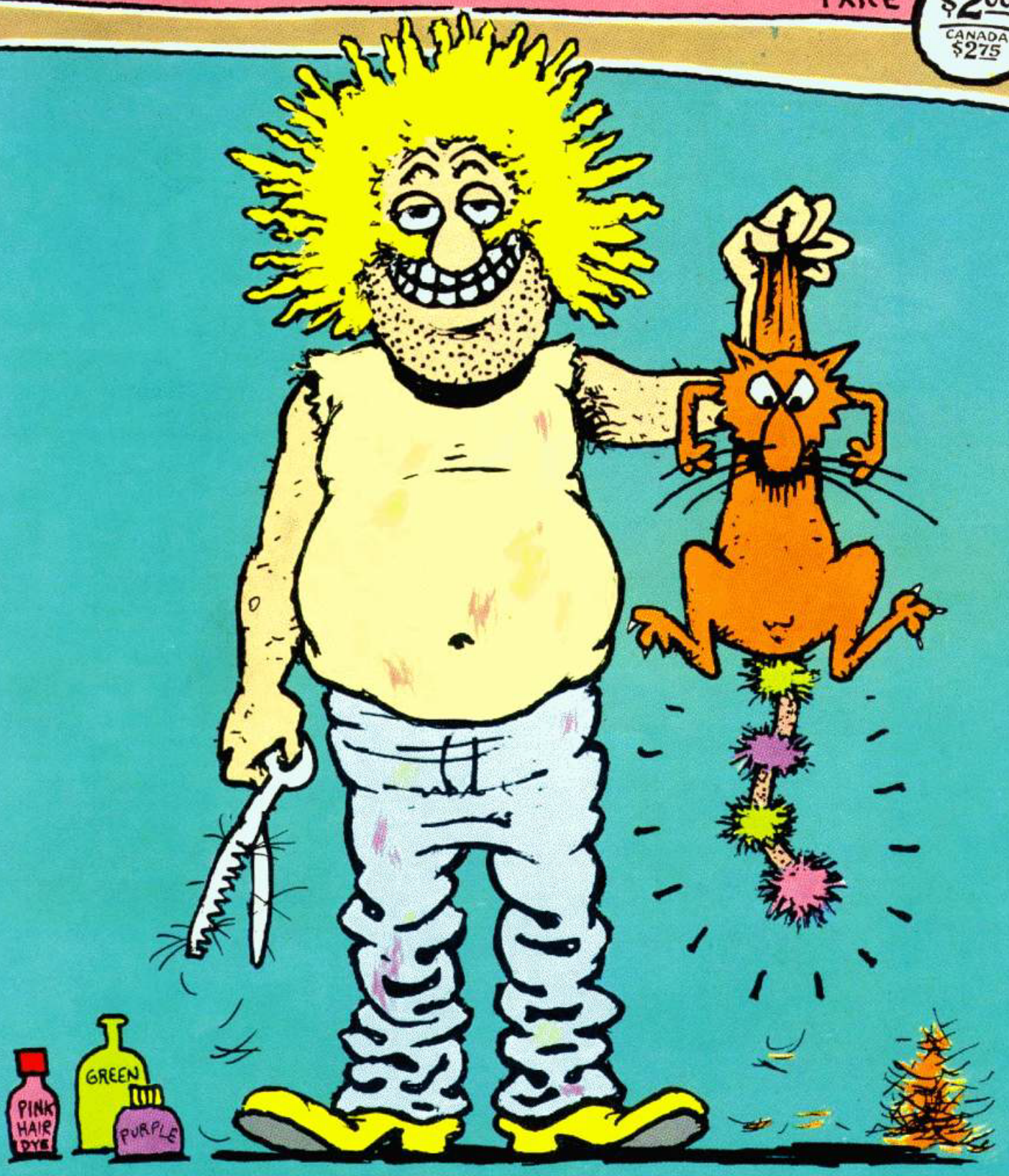

EDITED BY Frederick P. Freekowtski, esq.

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RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND COMIC BOOKS WERE COMIC BOOKS, AND GOD FORBID THAT EVER THE TWAIN SHOULD MEET. AFTER ALL, GROWNUPS DON'T READ COMIC BOOKS, RIGHT? IN FACT, GROWN MEN DON'T READ ANYTHING AT ALL IN OUR CULTURE. IF YOU EVER SEE ONE SNEAKING A LOOK AT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE SPORTS SECTION, YOU CAN BE SURE HE'S EITHER A GEEK, A WIMP, OR A WOOSIE, OR ELSE A LITTLE KID DRESSED UP LIKE AN ADULT. SO, WIPE THE SNOT OFF YOUR LITTLE NOSE AND JOIN US NOW FOR A THRILLING OLD-TIME HORROR STORY, ONE OF THE GENERIC CLASSICS...

TALES FROM THE OLD BACK-HOE OPERATOR!

HI, BOILS AND GHOULS... THIS IS THE OLD BACK-HOE OPERATOR WITH YET MORE STULTIFYING STUFF! THEY USED TO CALL ME THE OLD GRAVEDIGGER, BUT I DON'T MIND THE CHANGE! FOR ONE THING, I'M MAKING TWENTY TIMES MORE PER HOUR NOW THAT I'M IN HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS' LOCAL Nº 379. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. TONIGHT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THOSE ELEMENTS THAT NEVER CHANGE, THINGS SUCH AS FEAR, ANGST, AND ITEMS THAT GO "FA-GROON" IN THE NIGHT! I CALL THIS PARTICULAR BRAND OF LITE LITERATURE THE CROSS HORROR!

PAUL MAVRIDES

CRUNCH

POP

IT WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE "ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS." I WAS HAVING SOME SORT OF MECHANICAL DIFFICULTY WITH MY BACK-HOE...

...NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO OPERATE THIS CONTRAPTION!

RRRRR

CLIC CLIC

ARTISTS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE): GILBERT SHELTON, PAUL MAVRIDES, HAL ROBINS, JACK JACKSON, SPAIN RODRIGUEZ, GUY COLWELL, S. CLAY WILSON, & TED RICHARDS. STORYBOARDS & LETTERING: SHELTON.

IT APPEARED I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO ***PHONE*** THE ***MECHANIC***. TO ***DO*** SO, I WOULD HAVE TO ***TRAVERSE*** THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE ***CEMETERY***. IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF OLD ***E.C.*** COMICS.

THERE WERE MYSTERIOUS BIRDS LURKING IN THE SHRUBBERY, AND BATS FLITTING THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, ALL DRAWN BY ***WALLACE WOOD***.

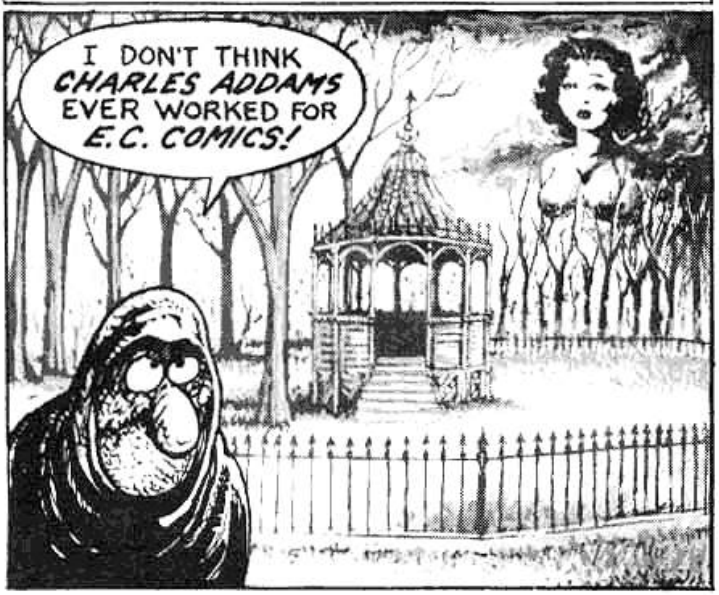
HERE AND THERE TWISTED TREES WERE VISIBLE THROUGH THE MIST, LIKE GROTESQUE AND HULKING DEMONS RENDERED BY THE INIMITABLE ***JACK DAVIS***.

NOW WE SEE A CLOSE-UP OF YOURS TRULY DONE BY THE GREAT ***JACK KAMEN***, WHILE SOUND EFFECTS BY ***WILL ELDER*** ECHO THROUGH THE GLOOM.

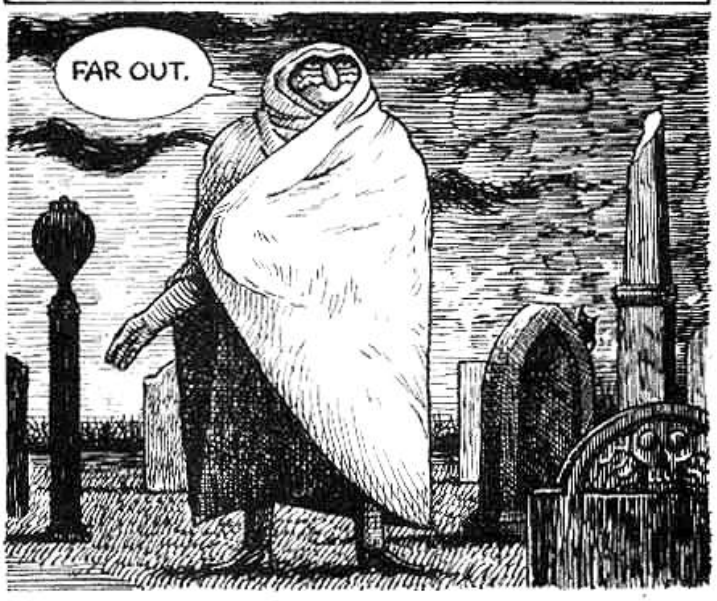
COUNTLESS INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS WERE SKITTERING AND CLICKING IN THE DARKNESS, EACH ONE LOVINGLY DRAWN BY "GHASTLY" ***GRAHAM INGELS***.

FROM TIME TO TIME AN EXPRESSIONISTIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING, PENNED BY ***HARVEY KURTZMAN***, WOULD ILLUMINATE THE EERIE, SURREAL SCAPE.

LONG AGO, THE LOCAL LEGEND GOES, A SAD AND HORRIBLE EVENT TOOK PLACE HERE, INVOLVING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BY *FRANK FRAZETTA*. IT WAS OVER BY THAT *CHARLES ADDAMS* GAZEBO.



THAT DOESN'T MATTER. THESE *GRAVESTONES* CAME FROM *EDWARD GOREY*, AND *HE* NEVER WORKED FOR E.C. *EITHER*. THE POINT *IS*, THIS SPOT IS REPUTED TO BE *HAUNTED*.



IT'S THE GHOST OF A *WIDOW* WHOSE *LOVER* WAS *EXECUTED* FOR THE *MURDER* OF HER *HUSBAND* AND THE GUY WAS *INNOCENT* BECAUSE HE WAS WITH *HER* THE NIGHT THE HUSBAND DIED BUT *SHE* CAN'T *SAY* ANYTHING.

THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY. THE WAY IN WHICH THE WIDOW HERSELF ENDED WAS THE REALLY *TERRIBLE* PART. SHE HAD COME OUT AT NIGHT TO VISIT HER DEPARTED LOVER'S *GRAVE*.

AND JUST AS SHE WAS PASSING *THIS VERY SPOT*, SHE SPOTTED SOMETHING *DARK, CHILLING*, AND *LUMPY*, HALF HIDDEN BEHIND A BELLADONNA TREE.

IT WAS...

IT WAS... A...

BOO!

HA HA HA! WERE YOU SCARED? I BET YOU WERE FRIGHTENED OUT OF YOUR WITS!

YOU WEREN'T SCARED?

OH.

WELL, JUST WAIT A MINUTE, THEN! GIVE A LISTEN TO THIS!

"PRESIDENT GRANTS ADDITIONAL THREE BILLION TO RIGHT-WINGERS IN CENTRAL AMERICA..."
"CIA GIVEN EMERGENCY DOMESTIC SURVEILLANCE POWERS; CRACKDOWN ON CIVIL LIBERTIES EXPECTED..."
ECONOMY LURCHING OUT OF CONTROL AS CONGRESS BICKERS OVER TAX SHELTERS FOR RICH..."
"SOCIAL SECURITY GOES BANKRUPT..."
"FIFTY PERCENT UNEMPLOYMENT EXPECTED NORM..."
AND THAT WAS ONLY PAGE ONE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE...

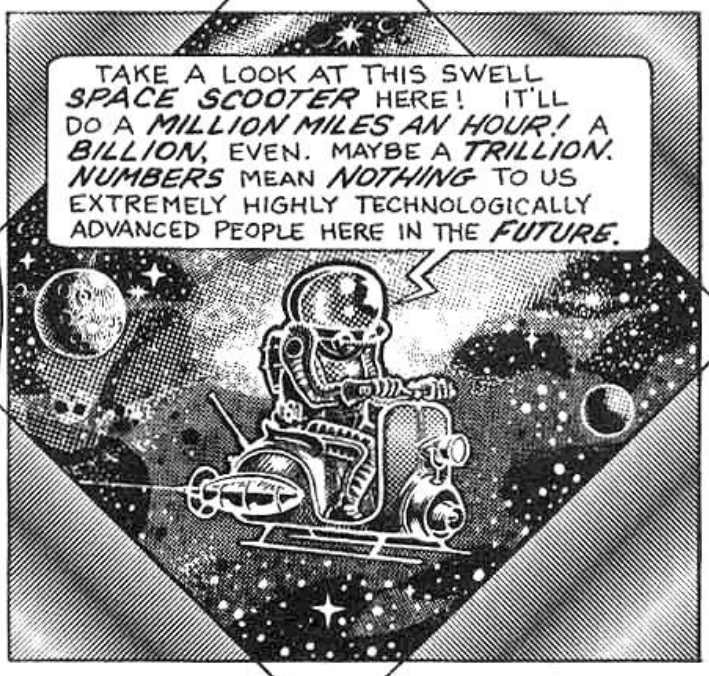
"TOTAL WAR BREAKING OUT IN MIDDLE EAST..."
"CONGRESS TO RE-ENACT SELECTIVE SERVICE LAW..."
"GENERALS WANT TO DROP JUST ONE HYDROGEN BOMB AS A 'WARNING'..."
WANTA HEAR ANY MORE?

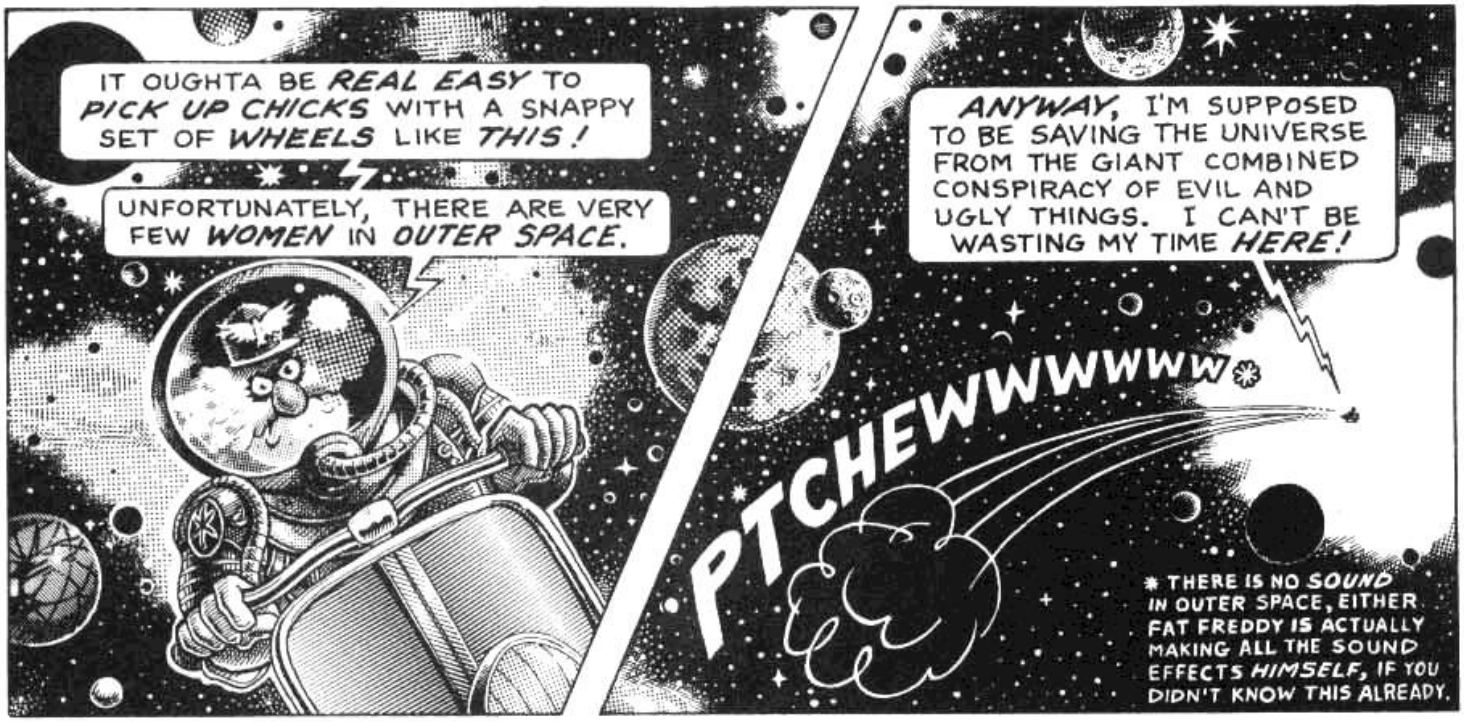
HEH HEH HEH! I THOUGHT THAT WOULD DO IT!
WAR

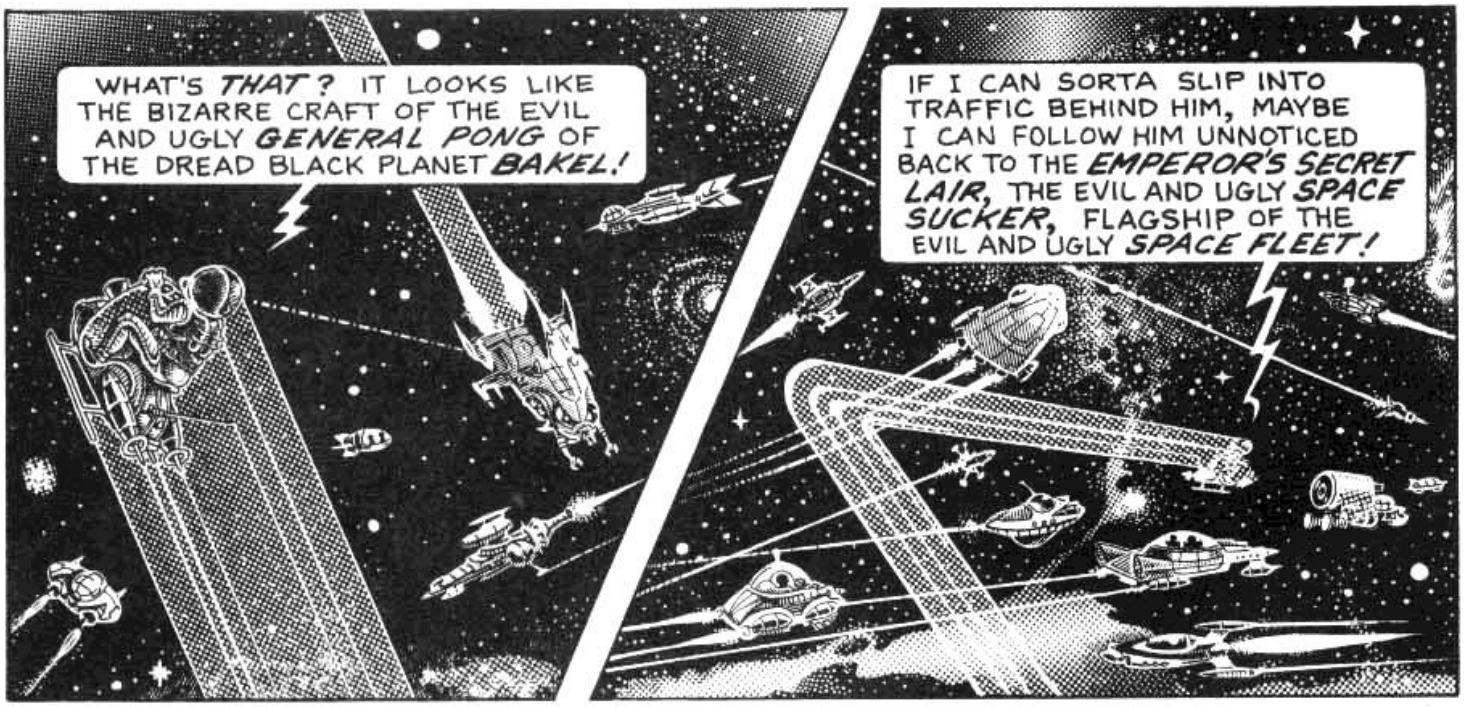
I GUESS HORROR STORIES JUST AREN'T AS POPULAR AS THEY USED TO BE, HUH, FOLKS? TOO HARD TO COMPETE WITH THE NEWS! WHAT PEOPLE SEEM TO WANT NOW IS THE SCIENCE FICTION STUFF. WELL, THERE'S SOME OF THAT COMING RIGHT UP. MEANWHILE, I GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK. THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS' UNION JUST CAME OFF STRIKE AFTER SIX WEEKS AND THERE'S A HUGE BACKLOG OF PEOPLE WAITING TO BE BURIED! I'M GONNA TAKE THAT BIG BULLDOZER THERE AND SEE IF I CAN GET 'EM ALL IN ONE HOLE! TOODLE-OO!
(ACTUALLY, I GOTTA GO CHANGE INTO MY SCIENCE FICTION COSTUME!)

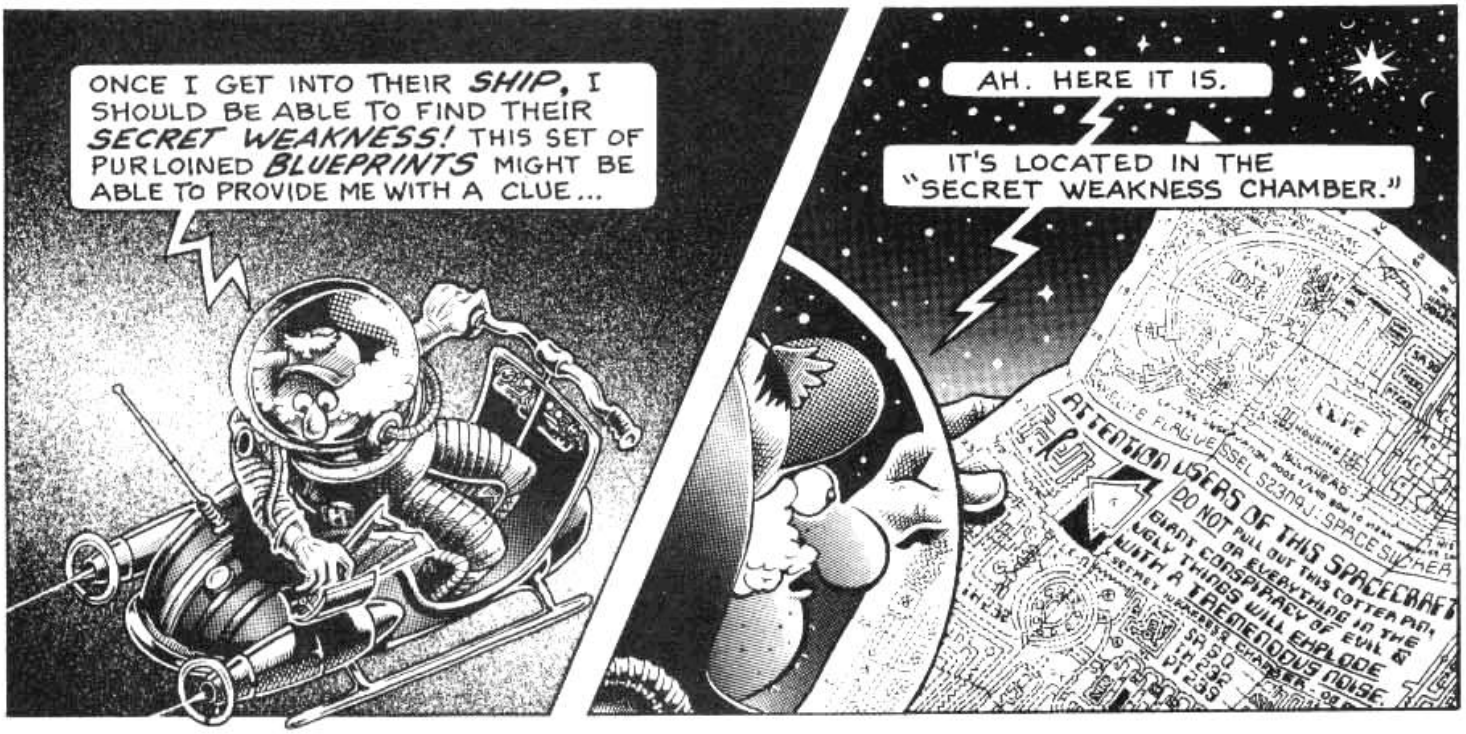
DA-DUMMMMMMMMM!!! REAL LOUD, SERIOUS-SOUNDING ORCHESTRA MUSIC. *BOOM BOOM BOOM* POO POO POO POO POO PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP TINKLE BUZZ *CRASH!* VIOLINS AND MOOG SYNTHESIZERS AND ALL THOSE THINGS. IT'S MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE. *BILLIONS* OF YEARS. AND IT SEEMS THAT ALL THE EVIL AND UGLY FORCES IN THE UNIVERSE HAVE FORMED A *GREAT CONSPIRACY* TO *WIPE OUT* ALL THE *NICE FOLKS* BACK ON *EARTH.* ONLY *ONE HUMAN BEING* STANDS IN THE PATH OF THESE FIENDS AND MURDERERS, AND THIS MAN IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD FRIEND *FANTASTIC FREDDY,* OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

SPACE CASE




IT OUGHTA BE REAL EASY TO PICK UP CHICKS WITH A SNAPPY SET OF WHEELS LIKE THIS!
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE VERY FEW WOMEN IN OUTER SPACE.
ANYWAY, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING THE UNIVERSE FROM THE GIANT COMBINED CONSPIRACY OF EVIL AND UGLY THINGS. I CAN'T BE WASTING MY TIME HERE!
PTCHEWWWWWW*
* THERE IS NO SOUND IN OUTER SPACE, EITHER FAT FREDDY IS ACTUALLY MAKING ALL THE SOUND EFFECTS HIMSELF, IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS ALREADY.


WHAT'S THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE THE BIZARRE CRAFT OF THE EVIL AND UGLY GENERAL PONG OF THE DREAD BLACK PLANET BAKEL!
IF I CAN SORTA SLIP INTO TRAFFIC BEHIND HIM, MAYBE I CAN FOLLOW HIM UNNOTICED BACK TO THE EMPEROR'S SECRET LAIR, THE EVIL AND UGLY SPACE SUCKER, FLAGSHIP OF THE EVIL AND UGLY SPACE FLEET!


ONCE I GET INTO THEIR SHIP, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR SECRET WEAKNESS! THIS SET OF PURLOINED BLUEPRINTS MIGHT BE ABLE TO PROVIDE ME WITH A CLUE...
AH. HERE IT IS.
IT'S LOCATED IN THE "SECRET WEAKNESS CHAMBER."
ATTENTION USERS OF THIS SPACECRAFT
DO NOT PULL OUT THIS COTTER PIN OR EVERYTHING IN THE GIANT CONSPIRACY OF EVIL & UGLY THINGS WILL EXPLODE WITH A TREMENDOUS NOISE

ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET THERE! IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!
UH-OH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY VEHICLE?
AAAAAAARRGH!!! I'M OUT OF FUEL!!! I FORGOT TO CHECK THE GAUGE!!!
CHOKE SPUTT
(SOB!) (CHOKE!) ALL IS LOST! DESTINED TO DRIFT FOREVER IN THE VAST REACHES OF SECTOR 35Q·Y411-66BTΣΩ.23, OUTER SPACE!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THAT CRUISING SLOWLY IN THE DISTANCE? IT LOOKS LIKE A SPACE FREIGHTER!
MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME EXTRA POLLUTONIUM PELLETS ON BOARD.
IF I CAN JUST DRIFT UP CLOSE ENOUGH BESIDE HER TO ATTACH MY EVER-HANDY MAGNETO-LINE.
HEH HEH HEH! MAYBE IT'S FULL OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THEIR WAY TO AN UNHAPPY SERVITUDE IN THE BREEDING BROTHELS OF BETELGEUSE! I WOULD BE REQUIRED TO LIBERATE THEM.
CLINK
????
THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE! I'LL HAVE TO CUT MY WAY IN!
FORTUNATELY, I BROUGHT MY SABER SAW ALONG.
TAP TAP
BZZZZZiiiEEZZZRROWWRZZ ZZZRiiEZZZZT
BLOG

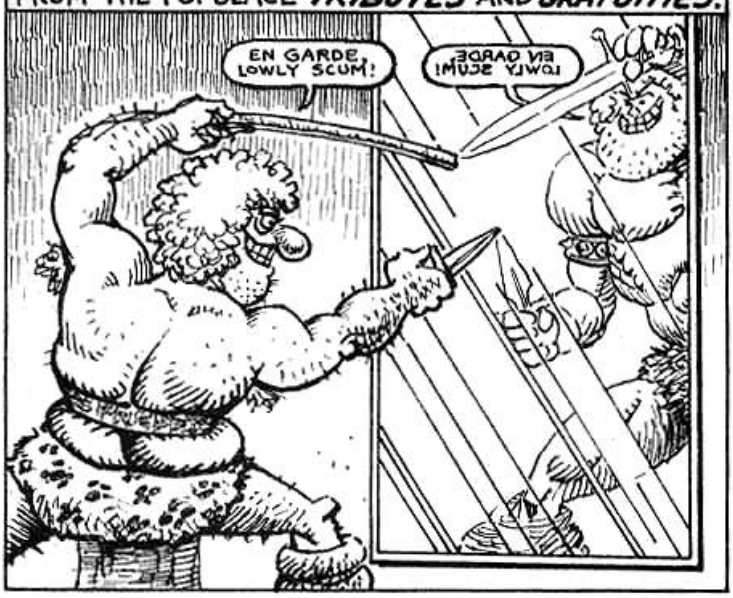
GOSH, THIS IS SPOOKY! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE POOR GUYS!
THIS ONE'S THE CAPTAIN. AND HE'S CLUTCHING A PIECE OF NOTE PAPER IN HIS HAND! IT APPEARS TO BE... A NOTE!
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: WE ARE DOOMED. DUE TO EXCESSIVE RATE OF CONSUMPTION, WE HAVE RUN OUT OF FUEL ONLY ONE TENTH OF THE WAY TO OUR DESTINATION. DEAR GOD, IF THERE IS A GOD, SEE TO IT THAT THIS CARGO OF COMIC BOOKS GETS DELIVERED SOMEHOW TO THOSE POOR LITTLE KIDS ORPHANED BY THE SUPERNOVA IN ORION. GOOD-BYE, Captain Arlington
AW, HECK. I READ ALL THESE COMICS WHEN I WAS A KID. I DON'T FEEL LIKE READING THEM AGAIN.
YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING? OUTER SPACE IS JUST ABOUT THE DULLEST PLACE THERE IS. IT AIN'T LIKE IN THE MOVIES AT ALL.
PHOOEY POODLE-SQUAT! I CAN'T EVEN GET THE RADIO TO WORK! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE SHODDY DETROIT-BUILT ROCKET SHIPS! I GUESS THEY CAN'T BUILD 'EM ANY BETTER HERE IN THE FUTURE THAN THEY DID IN THE PAST.
I THINK EVERYONE'S GETTING BORED WITH SCIENCE FICTION NOW, ANYWAY! LET'S FACE IT: THE FUTURE SUCKS!! WHAT PEOPLE LIKE RIGHT NOW IS BARBARIANS!
HOLD ON WHILE I GO CHANGE!
H ROBINS

WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIMITIVE POWERS AND PASSIONS ARE LURKING IN THE INTERIOR CAVITIES OF MAN? THE BARBARIAN KNOWS, THAT'S WHO. AND WHO IS THE BIGGEST, BADDEST, BEST-LOOKIN', MOST INTELLIGENT, WEALTHIEST AND WITTIEST BARBARIAN OF ALL THE BARBARIANS?

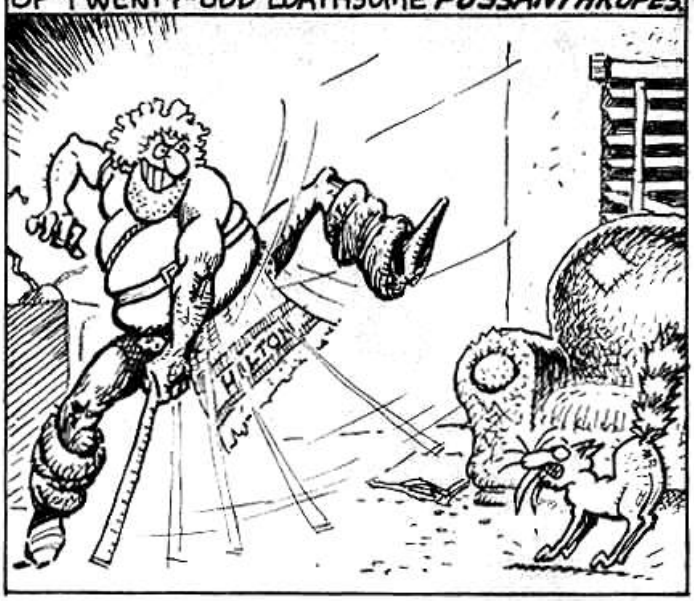
FREDDY

THE BARBARIAN!

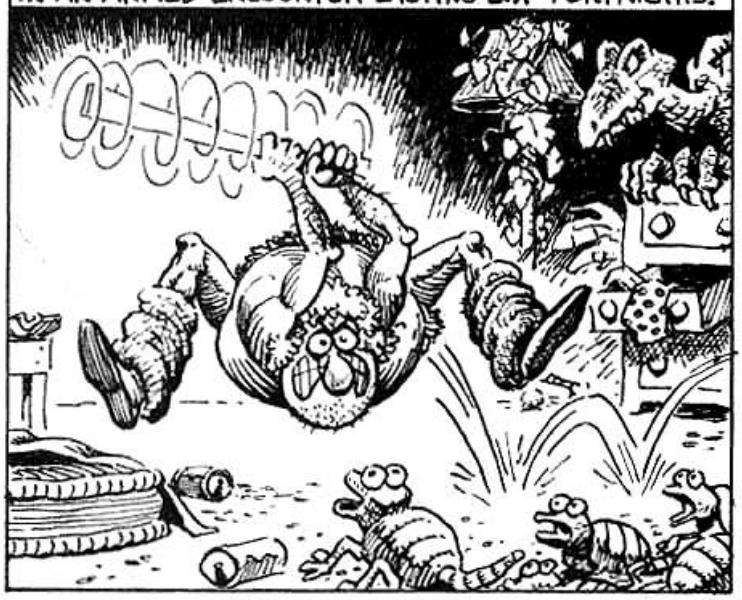
ARMED WITH HIS TRUSTY *METEWAND*, LO THE AWESOME BARBARIAN DID VENTURE FORTH, AND DID GO ABOUT FROM PLACE TO PLACE, EXACTING FROM THE POPULACE *TRIBUTES* AND *GRATUITIES*.



FIRST HE DID JOURNEY TO THE FAR REALM OF *NORTH ZULCH*, & WHILE ON HIS WAY, HE ENCOUNTERED AND SLEW A COVEN OF TWENTY-ODD LOATHSOME *PUSSANTHROPES*.



THEN HE HIED HIMSELF TO THE DISTANT EMPIRE OF THE *BRIGGLFILTIANS*, WHERE HE SOUGHT OUT AND DISPATCHED THE DOLOROUS *FAFFLEWOOG* IN AN ARMED ENCOUNTER LASTING *SIX* FORTNIGHTS.

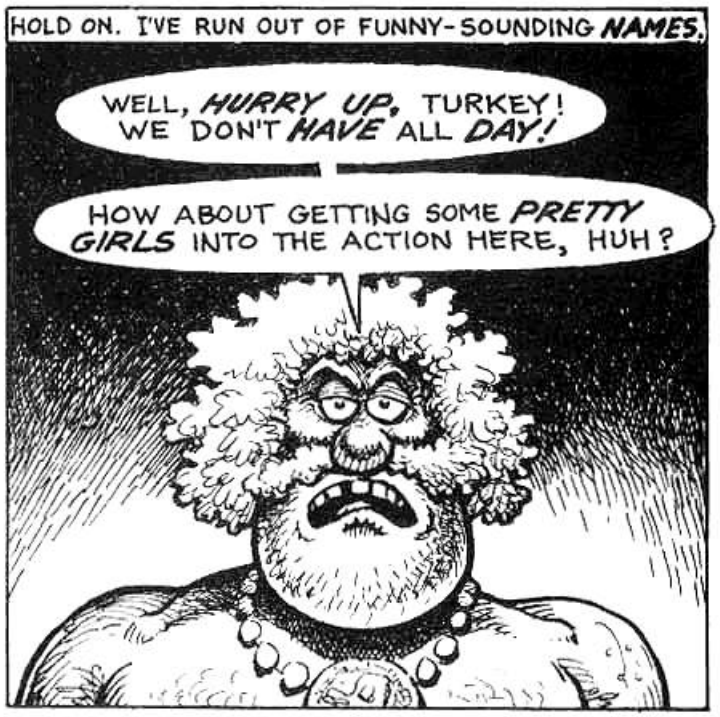


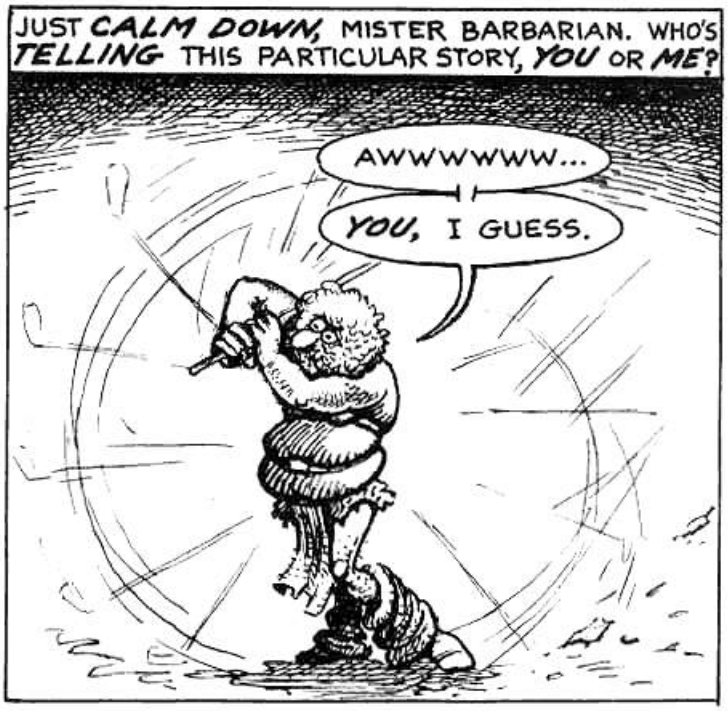
WHEREUPON HE IMMEDIATELY SET OUT TOWARD THE *MYSTIC TOWER OF UPDOCK*, BUT THE ROUTE WAS BLOCKED BY THE *LEGIONS OF LEGHORN* AT THE CROSSROADS VILLAGE OF *OMELETTE*, & THEY DID FIGHT SWORD AND LANCE, TOOTH AND NAIL, HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL THE *COWS* DID COME HOME.

THE *COWS*, HOWEVER, PROVED TO BE *WOLVES* IN *SHEEP'S CLOTHING*, AS OUT FROM THEIR DISGUISES POPPED THE DREADED, COW-BORING *PARASITE PEOPLE OF CELLULOID CITY!* THE *NOBLE BARBARIAN* WAS IN THE *MIDST* OF *NEGOTIATING* A *TREATY* WHEN THE SITUATION WAS *COMPLICATED* BY THE *INTERFERENCE* OF THE *ARMY* OF *SCRIBES!* ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE *SCORE* WAS *SETTLED*, AND THE *LANDSCAPE* BECAME *SCOURED* OF *ALL TREES!* THE *VERBIAGE* WAS *OVERWHELMING!* SO OUR BARBARIC HERO PULLED OUT HIS SWORD AND KILLED EVERYONE. WITHIN A DISTANCE OF FOURSCORE AND ELEVEN *HECTOMETERS*.

AND THEN, HE...
BRUSH
BRUSH

YEAH? AND THEN WHAT DID I DO?


HOLD ON. I'VE RUN OUT OF FUNNY-SOUNDING NAMES.
WELL, HURRY UP, TURKEY! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!
HOW ABOUT GETTING SOME PRETTY GIRLS INTO THE ACTION HERE, HUH?


JUST CALM DOWN, MISTER BARBARIAN. WHO'S TELLING THIS PARTICULAR STORY, YOU OR ME?
AWWWWWW...
YOU, I GUESS.

?

HEY! I THOUGHT I WAS YOU!

SO THEN THE BARBARIC ONE FOUGHT THE ARMY OF THE SPBLT'PPTT'OOEY AND DID...
WAIT JUST A MINUTE HERE!
IS THIS ALL I'M EVER GOING TO GET TO DO? RUN ALL OVER THE PLACE KILLING THINGS?
WELL, YES. THAT'S ABOUT THE EXTENT OF IT.
WELL, I'M THE STAR OF THIS STORY AND I'M PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN! GET SOME WOMEN INTO THE SCENE OR I'M WALKING OUT!
OKAY. YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT.
PING
GLOW GLOW
WHIRR
OOKA POOKA!
HONKY PONKY!
TWEET!
HUBBA HUBBA!
YIKES! YETIS!
YELP! SQUEAL! A YETI IS THE ONLY THING THAT STINKS WORSE THAN A BARBARIAN!!
KISSY WISSY
HUGGY WUGGY!
WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF HARASSMENT FROM A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES! I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT TECHNOLOGY!
SCREET!

NO MORE OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED, NAMBY-PAMBY "BIG STICK POLICY" FOR THIS RED-BLOODED GUY! LOOK OUT, BARBARIANS, YOU'RE MESSING AROUND WITH...
G.I.* FREDDY
*GASTRO-INTESTINAL
TASTE COLD STEEL, BARBARIANS!
EAT HOT LEAD!
HAVE A WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT!
A SNIFF OF MUSTARD GAS!
(...AND JUST LET A DROP OF NERVE GAS TOUCH YOU, ANYWHERE...)
GET AN EYEFUL OF THIS LASER!
...A MOUTHFUL OF MICROWAVE! A DRAM OF GAMMAS! AN OVERDOSE OF ULTRAVIOLET!
SPAIN
DOW DOW DOW BUDDA BUDDA CHIRP BUDDA WHOOSH BU—
HEY, YOUSE KIDS KNOCK OFF TH' *&#% RACKET! WE WOIK NIGHTS HEAH! WE GOTTA GET OUR SLEEP SOMETIME, YA KNOW?
(OOPS!) SORRY, MR. COZNOWFSKY!
(AHEM!) ACTUALLY, I MYSELF WAS NEVER IN THE ARMED SERVICES! I WAS REJECTED FOR INTRANSIGENT SINISTRALITY!
BESIDES, I'M A WELL-KNOWN MAN OF PEACE!
NEGRITA
WE REMEMBER NIGHT RIDER

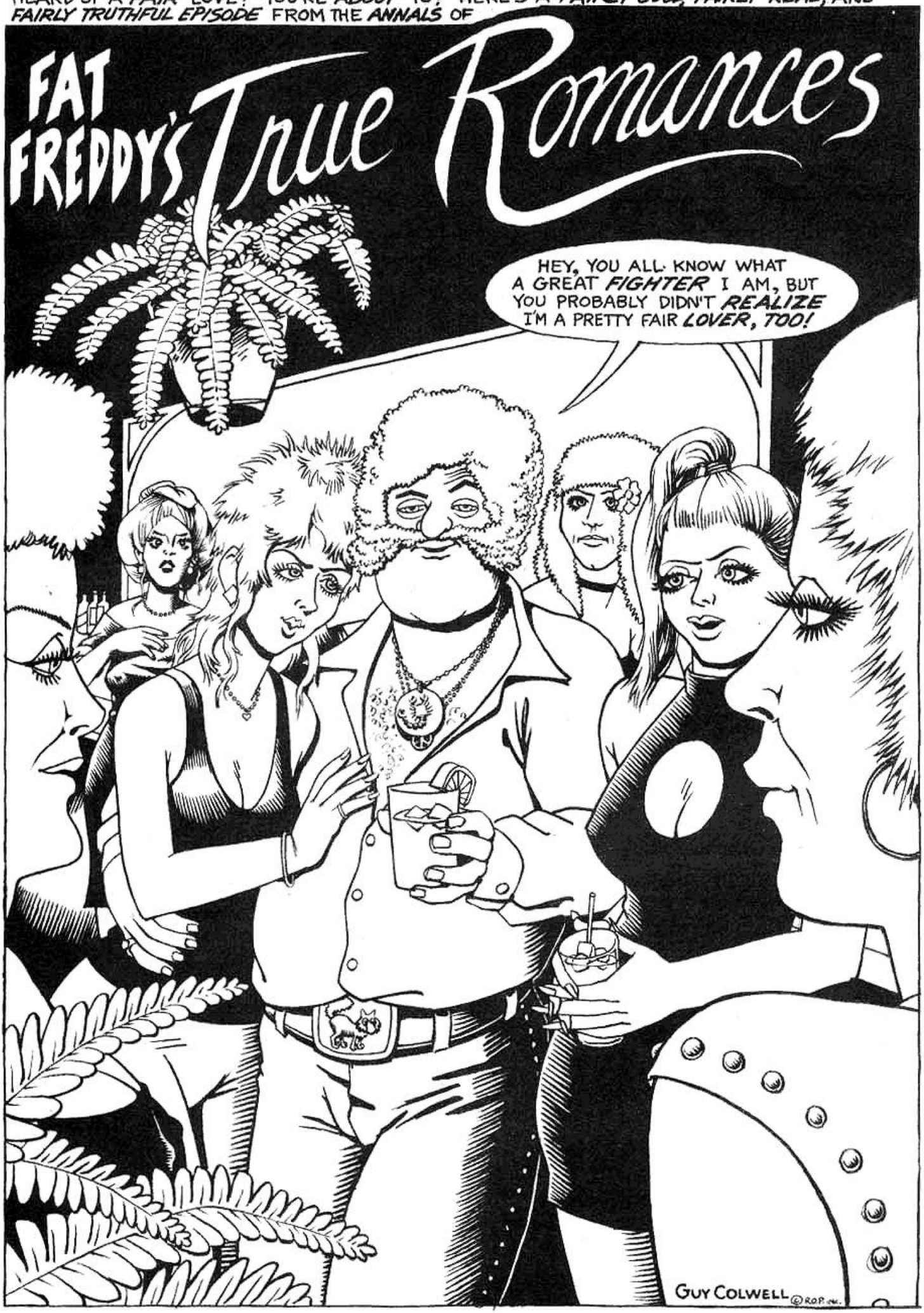
TO TELL THE TRUTH, IT WAS A BIT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. IT WAS BACK DURING NAM, AND THEY WERE DRAFTING EVERYBODY! WHEN I GOT MY DRAFT NOTICE I MARKED IT "DECEASED" AND SENT IT BACK. THEN ONE DAY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...
G-MEN!
I'LL SNEAK OUT THE BACK!
HOW DID THEY FIND ME? I'VE MOVED 37 TIMES SINCE I WAS DRAFTED!
THEY HAVE A GUY ON THE BACK DOOR, TOO! I'LL GO UP THE AIR SHAFT TO THE ROOFTOP!
NOW, DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE AT THE END OF THE BLOCK AND I'LL BE GONE LIKE THE PROVERBIAL COOL BREEZE!
UH-OH! THERE'S ONE ON THE ROOF, TOO! I ALMOST WALKED RIGHT INTO HIM!
I'LL DUCK IN THIS WINDOW!
'SCUSE ME, LADY!
EEEEEEEEEK!

I HEAR SCREAMS FROM THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR, CHIEF!
IT MIGHT BE OUR GUY!
SHRIEK
WE'LL FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO TURN THIS BUILDING INTO RUBBLE, LADY!
OH, BLESS YOU, OFFICER! BLESS YOU!
THE LAUNDRY ROOM! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THOSE BIG DRYERS!
LAUNDRY CHUTE
NOTHING IN THIS ONE BUT A BUNCH OF CLOTHES, CHIEF!
(GOD, THEY STINK!)
WE HAVE THE BUILDING SEALED OFF COMPLETELY ANTISEPTICALLY, SIR! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT NOW!
OKAY, LET THAT TROLLEY THROUGH!
POLICE
NUDE
DING DING DING DING DING
ADULT
THE CHOPPER HAS THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD COVERED FROM THE AIR, LIEUTENANT! ROGER, OVER.
(CRACKLE! TWEEET!)
THEY'RE BRINGING OUT A TRUCKLOAD OF DOGS, SERGEANT.
CENTRAL'S SENDING OVER AN INFRARED DEVICE WITH A BODY-HEAT DETECTOR.

DING
CLANK
CLANK
KLUNK
THERE HE IS, CLINGING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE TROLLEY CAR!
POLICE
HIL
THEY SAW ME! I'LL JUST SLIP DOWN HERE!
IT LEADS INTO THE TUNNEL FOR THE NEW SUBWAY! THAT GOES FOR MILES AND MILES UNDER EVERYTHING!
BARK! WOOF!
THE TRAIL GOES THIS DIRECTION!
TRAPPED BENEATH THE MERCILESS WATERS OF THE BAY! I'M DOOMED!
WE HAVE THIS END SEALED OFF, CAPTAIN!
WAIT! THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF VENTILATOR SHAFT!
AHOY THERE! AVAST! HEY, YOU!! HOW ABOUT A LIFT? I DON'T CARE WHERE TO!
WE NEVER WOULDA GOT HIM IF HE HADN'T LOST CONTROL AND CRASHED INTO US!
BATTEN TH' JIB!
HOIST TH' SPAR!
KEELHAUL TH'
KRUMPF
WE OFFER A COMPROMISE: WE WON'T DRAFT YOU IF YOU WILL SIGN AN AGREEMENT NOT TO JOIN ANYONE ELSE'S SIDE!
FAIR ENOUGH!

GOODNESS! IS THAT *TRULY FAIR*, NOW? WELL, *ALL'S* FAIR IN *LOVE* AND *WAR*, AS THEY SAY. *FAIR'S* FAIR, THEY SAY, TOO. NOT *GOOD*, JUST *FAIR*. ALL'S NOT *GOOD* IN LOVE AND WAR. BUT *ANYHOW*... YOU'VE HEARD OF *GOOD*, *REAL*, AND *TRUE LOVE*, BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A *FAIR* LOVE? YOU'RE *ABOUT* TO! HERE'S A *FAIRLY GOOD*, *FAIRLY REAL*, AND *FAIRLY TRUTHFUL EPISODE* FROM THE *ANNALS* OF

FAT FREDDY'S *True Romances*



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, JUST ASK AROUND DOWN AT THE "FROG AND FUNNEL," THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE, WHERE I AM KNOWN BY ALL.

HI, *FREDDY!*

G'MORNIN', BERNICE. GIMME A BEER!

FUNNEL

ASK BERNICE, THE BARTENDER. SHE'S A GREAT PERSON. SHE'S ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE OR SO, AND SHE'S SORT OF A MOTHER FIGURE FOR EVERYONE.

HAVE A GOOD TIME LAST NIGHT, FREDDY?

GEE, I DON'T KNOW. I CAN'T *REMEMBER* TOO WELL.

JUST LAST NIGHT, FOR INSTANCE, I NOTICED THIS *BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD* SITTING AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR, SO I WALKED ON DOWN AND *TURNED ON* THE OLD *CHARM.*

HEY, DIDJA HEAR THE JOKE ABOUT THE GUY THAT PAINTED THE HORSE'S HOOVES GREEN?

(AHEM!) BARTENDER, WOULD YOU TELL THIS PERSON TO QUIT BOTHERING ME?

JUST THEN, I SPIED THIS *GREAT-LOOKING BRUNETTE* OVER BY THE *JUKE BOX.* SO I TOSSED DOWN THE REST OF MY *WALLBANGER* AND SAUNTERED OVER TO SHOW HER MY *MOVES.*

CLICK

HOW ABOUT SOME *MOOD MUSIC! R-38!* THAT'S CHUCK BERRY'S "MY DING-A-LING!"

HEY! THAT WAS *MY* QUARTER!

SO I SIDLED OVER TO THIS *PETITE* LITTLE *BLONDE* AND PROCEEDED TO LITERALLY *MELT* HER INTO A *PUDDLE...*

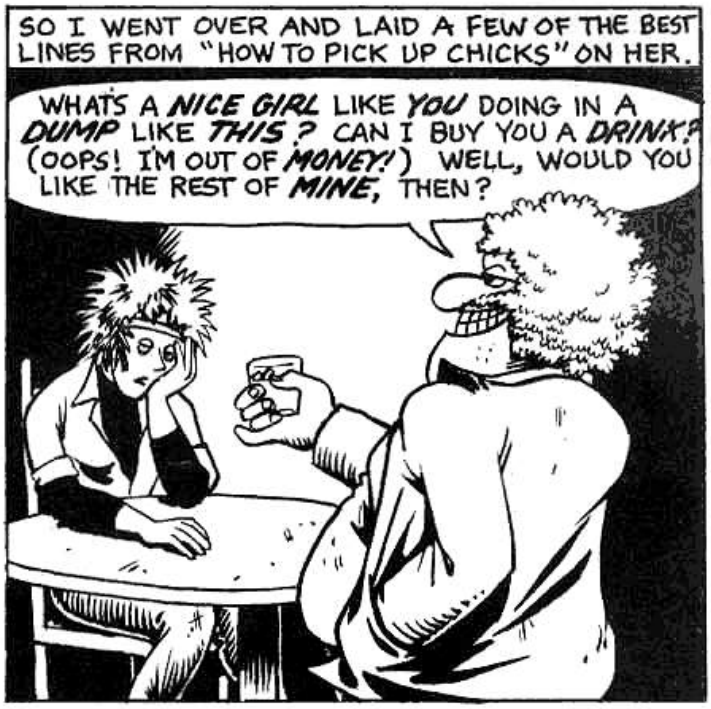
HI! I...

SORRY! I HAVE A *HEADACHE!*

(SNIFF!) I DON'T *KNOW,* BERNICE! I JUST DON'T *KNOW!!* NOBODY *LIKES* ME! I MUST BE GETTIN' *OVER TH' HILL!* I GUESS YOU PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT *THAT,* HUNH?

AWWW, *I* LIKE YOU, FREDDY! *HERE,* HAVE A *TEQUILA SUNRISE* ON THE *HOUSE!*

THEN BERNICE GAVE ME A GREAT SUGGESTION...
WHY DON'T YOU GO TALK TO THAT ONE OVER IN THE CORNER THERE, FREDDY? SHE'S BEEN HERE SINCE 5:00! MAYBE SHE'S LONELY.


SO I WENT OVER AND LAID A FEW OF THE BEST LINES FROM "HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS" ON HER.
WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A DUMP LIKE THIS? CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK? (OOPS! I'M OUT OF MONEY!) WELL, WOULD YOU LIKE THE REST OF MINE, THEN?

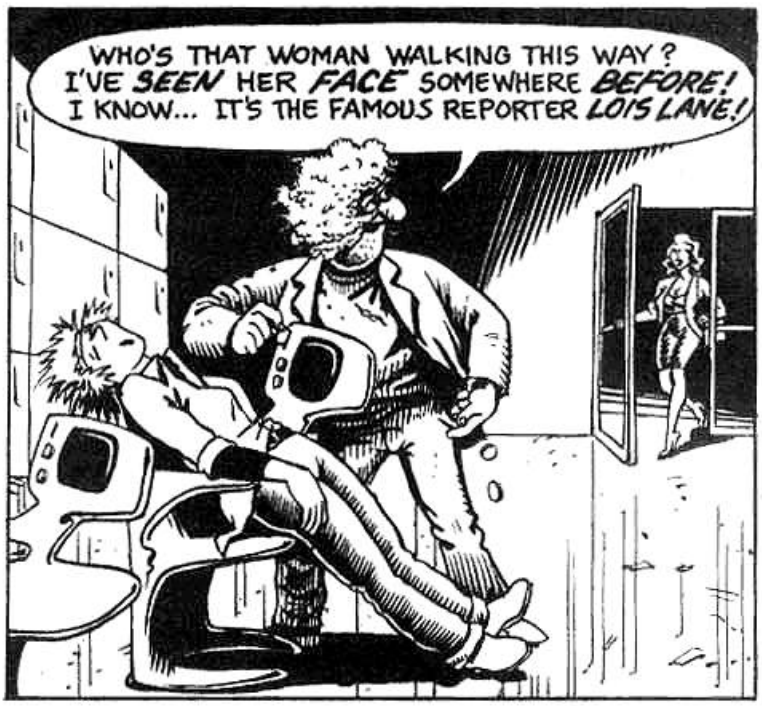
WHY DON'T WE GET OUT OF THIS NOISY PLACE AND GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK?
(BELCH.)

♪ GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY! ♫
SEE YOU TOMORROW, FREDDY.

AWWW, GEE WHIZ! SHE PASSED OUT! I'LL HAVE TO CARRY HER HOME!

WHEW! I'M TOO TIRED TO TOTE HER ANY FARTHER! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE HER SOMEWHERE...
AH! THE BUS STATION WOULD BE PERFECT!

I'LL JUST PROP HER UP ON THE CHAIR HERE AND PUT A FEW COINS IN THE T.V. ...


WHO'S THAT WOMAN WALKING THIS WAY? I'VE SEEN HER FACE SOMEWHERE BEFORE! I KNOW... IT'S THE FAMOUS REPORTER LOIS LANE!

MISS LANE! MISS LANE! I'VE SEEN YOUR WORK IN THE COMICS! I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS! HOW ABOUT A DATE?

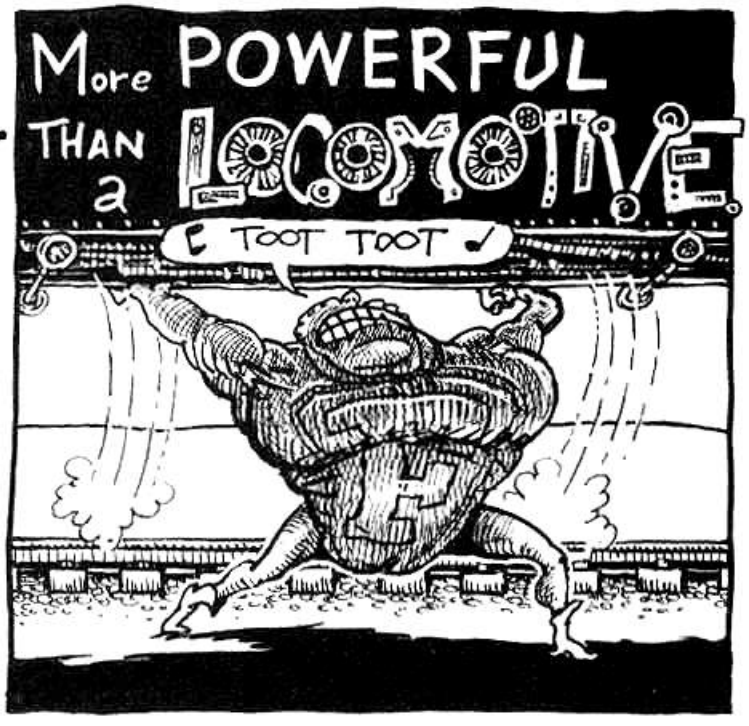
I'M SORRY, I DON'T DATE NECROPHILIACS.

(CHOKE!) SHE WOULDN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT IF SHE KNEW WHO I REALLY WAS!

IN FACT, I THINK I'LL JUST DUCK INTO THIS TELEPHONE BOOTH AND CHANGE INTO...

LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!
IS IT A BIRD?
IS IT A PLANE?
NO!
IT'S THAT SINGULARITY IN THE PUNCHBOWL...
SUPERFAT
©1983 R.O.P. INC.
FREDDY
BIRD!
PLANE!
SINGULARITY!
FOOM!
BANG!
GAWK!

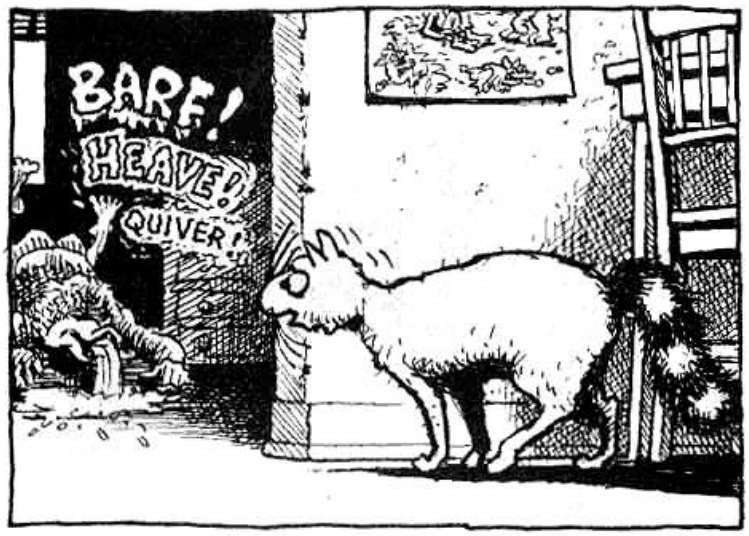
FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET...
BULLET, NOT PULLET!

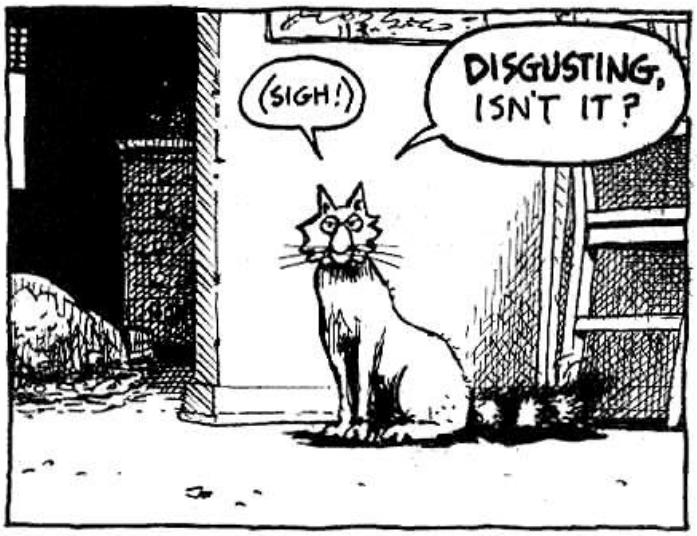

More POWERFUL THAN a LOCOMOTIVE
TOOT TOOT

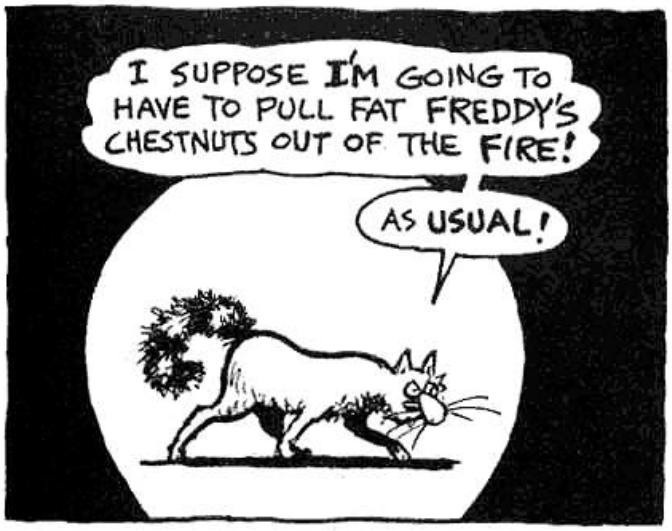
(...and FAT as a firkin o' WART-HOG)
HE'S GONNA DRAIN IT!
HOW GROSS!
Able to leap over LARGE TABLES in a SINGLE BOUND.
FREDDY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES AND GO HOME!
RIGHT NOW!
AN ANIMAL, PLAIN AND SIMPLE!
THAT FAT PIG SPILLED MY "BLUE POOTSIE MAI-TAI SURPRISE" ALL OVER MY NEW GOWN!!
GEE-HE'S KIND OF FAT. HIS BIG OL' BELLY STICKIN' OUT. HYUK HAW HA
I REMAMBER WHEN I USED TO PULL DUMB STUNTS LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME.
AWWWW, BERNICE...
(SNIFFLE!) I WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG! NOBODY LIKES ME! I'M JUST A BURNT-OUT OLD ALCOHOLIC SLEAZEBAG! (GULP!)(CHOKE!) (WHIMPER!) (MOAN!)
OUR FOUNDER
(SIGH!) BACK TO THE COLD, BARREN APARTMENT, WITHOUT ANY HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP EXCEPT FOR MY STUPID CAT!
FAT FREDDY PORK-CAT
FAT FREDDY
FAT FREDDY SUX
SLAM!
I'M GONNA (BURP!) TRY ONE MORE TIME, AND IF THIS ROUTINE ISN'T A HIT, I'M GONNA RETIRE FROM THE COMIX BIZ FOREVER!
COSTOOMS
S. CLAY WILSON

YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE ONE THAT WAS TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER MADE. WELL, THIS ONE WAS TO BE STUCK IN A BED HE NEVER MADE!
FREDERICK THE DUCK
SO. HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING TWO FEET TALL?
THERE'S ONLY ONE ADVANTAGE: YOU CAN SEE UP ALL THE GIRLS' DRESSES!
TED RICHARDS
©1983 RAP. INC.
IT'S MORE DIFFICULT WHEN YOU'RE FIVE ELEVEN!
(SIGH.) (BELCH!) HEY! WANNA HEAR A DUCK JOKE?

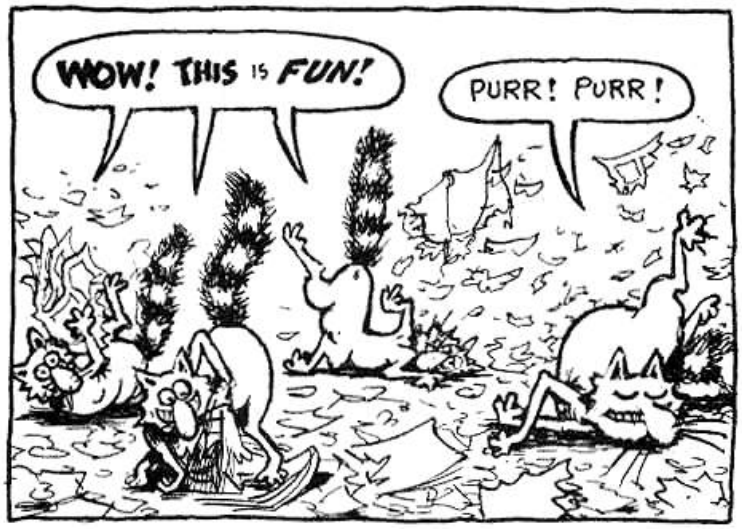
WAAAK! WAAAK!
(PANT PANT PANT!)
KNOW WHAT THAT WAS?
AN OBSCENE DUCK CALL! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK
(HEY! WOW! HERE'S A LIVE AUDIENCE!)
LEAP!
WAK WAK WAK
GIBBER GIBBER
WAAK
(GOOD LORD!) HISS!!
FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
NOBODY LOVES ME! NOT EVEN MY LITTLE PUSSY CAT! WAHHHH! BAWWWWWWWW! I'M SO ALONE! I'M SO MISERABLE! WEEP! WAIL! CRY!
SNIFFLE! SNORK! OHHHHHHHHHH!
BARF!


BARF!
HEAVE!
QUIVER!


(SIGH!)
DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT?


I SUPPOSE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PULL FAT FREDDY'S CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE!
AS USUAL!

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', UNCLE F.?
FIRST, I'M SHREDDING ALL OF FAT FREDDY'S COMIC BOOKS!
OBVIOUSLY, DR. WERTHAM WAS CORRECT ALL ALONG!
C'MON, GIVE ME A HAND!


WOW! THIS IS FUN!
PURR! PURR!

NOW, WE MUST GO AND SIT BESIDE THE WORTHLESS FAT FOOL AND AWAIT THE PROPER TIME TO GO INTO ACTION!

HMM... HE ISN'T IN ANY SORT OF CRISIS YET... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL A LITTLE TIME... I KNOW! I'LL TELL YOU A STORY!
AWW, UNCLE F.! WE'RE TOO AU COURANT FOR YOUR STORIES!

IT ALL BEGAN ON A DAY MUCH LIKE TODAY...
TODAY STANK!
I WAS TAKING A NAP, UNOBSERVED UNDER A NEWSPAPER ON THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR...
YAWN!
SMACK!
Z.

THE ADVENTURES OF
FAT FREDDY'S CAT in
Paradise

I NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT **HIT** ME. IT WAS JUST LIKE SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS WENT OUT. FOR GOOD.

YOW! I MUSTA *MISCOUNTED!* I WAS THINKING I HAD AT LEAST *THREE* LIVES LEFT!

AS I FLOATED UPWARD THROUGH THE INK, IT BEGAN TO GET MORE AND MORE LIGHT, AND WARMER.

SLOWLY, SOMETHING WAS COMING INTO VIEW.

WHAT'S THAT HANGING DOWN FROM ABOVE? IT LOOKS LIKE THE CORNER OF A *REALLY EXPENSIVE DAMASK TABLECLOTH!*

SO I HOOKED SOME *CLAWS* INTO THE FATUOUS FABRIC AND PROCEEDED TO *MOUNT THE SUMMIT.*

AFTER A BIT OF A **CLIMB**, I REACHED THE **TOP**...

CAT Heaven

EATS

MILK BAR

HOORAY! HOORAY! IT'S FAT FREDDY'S CAT!
GILBERT SHELTON & PAUL MAVRIDES
WHELK HUM DEW OVEN, VAT FRET EAST CAP!
ANGUISH LANGUISH!
WHAT LANGUAGE ARE YOU SPEAKING? OH! IT'S KRAZY KAT! HELLO THERE!
FELIX! DESDEMONA! FRITZ! WALDO! BILL! ALL THE GREAT CATS OF CARTOON LITERATURE ARE HERE! HOW SPLENDID!
...PLUS A SPRINKLING FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN!
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE MILK BAR AND LAP UP A FEW!

THIS IS A SWELL PLACE, ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT DO YOU DO FOR RECREATION?
ON SUNDAYS WE HAVE THE BULLDOGFIGHTS! YOU SEE, BELOW US IS DOG HEAVEN, AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE ONE OF THEM DUMB SONS OF BITCHES SOMEHOW MANAGES TO DIE, RIGHT THERE IN HIS OWN HEAVEN WHERE HE HAS EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM..
...AND THEY'RE SO DAMNED STUPID THEY COME UP HERE TO OUR HEAVEN WHERE WE RULE! SO WE PUT 'EM IN THE RING! WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE IT A GO?
ER... NO THANKS!
YOU COULD GO MOUSE HUNTING, THEN!
YOU HAVE MICE HERE IN HEAVEN ? GREAT!
OH YES! THEY'RE ALWAYS DROPPING DOWN FROM MOUSE HEAVEN, WHICH IS DIRECTLY ABOVE US AND EXTREMELY CROWDED!
YOU MAY, OF COURSE, HAVE ANYTHING YOU DESIRE IN HEAVEN JUST BY WISHING FOR IT, BUT BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU BRING UP HERE, BECAUSE THE PLACE IS RATHER FLIMSILY CONSTRUCTED!
NO WEIGHT-LIFTING, THEN? ALL RIGHT!
AS YOU SEE!

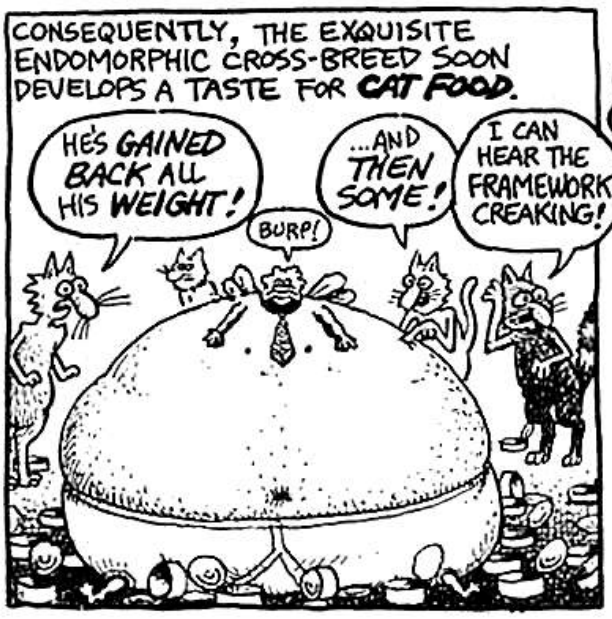
VERY QUICKLY, HOWEVER, JUST AS HE HAD FEARED, FAT FREDDY'S CAT BECAME BORED WITH THE AFTERLIFE IN PARADISE.
HMM... WHAT CAN I DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT NOW? TAKE A NAP? NAW, I JUST DID THAT...
TAP TAP
YEP, FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING IT, BOYS, BUT HEAVEN HAS ABOUT AS MUCH ACTION AS AKRON, OHIO!
UH-OH! I'VE BORED EVERYONE TO SLEEP, MYSELF INCLUDED! AND WHILE WE DOZED, THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED A FULL FIFTY DEGREES, AND HERE'S THIS OBESE MORON ASLEEP IN A POOL OF HIS OWN REGURGITATION, CLAD ONLY IN HIS JOCKEY SHORTS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE OPEN WINDOW!
WE'VE LOST HIM, LADS! HE'S ALREADY DEAD OF EXPOSURE!
OH GOSH! THAT'S REALLY SAD TO HEAR!
GO ON AND FINISH YOUR STORY, ANYHOW!
ALL RIGHT!
...AS I WAS SAYING, IT WAS SO EXTREMELY, STULTIFYINGLY, TEDIOUSLY BORING THAT I FORGOT WHAT I WAS DOING AND INADVERTENTLY SUMMONED UP THAT FAT FUZZY DEMON...
I WISH OL' FAT FREDDY WERE HERE SO I COULD CRAP IN HIS SOCKS AND WATCH THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!
HE WAS WEARING, OF ALL THINGS, A PLASTIC DUCK BILL AND SWIM FINS.
UNHHH! OHHHH! WHERE AM I? (GRUNT!) ARRRGGGGHHH! OHH! MY HEAD!
STOP HIM! HE'LL RUIN THE SUPERSTRUCTURE!
PING
HEY! HOW DID WE GET INVOLVED IN THIS ???
CRASH
TINKLE

OHHHHH! OHHHHH! I'LL NEVER EAT RAREBIT AGAIN!
QUICKLY! SUMMON THE WITCHES' CATS WITH THEIR POWERFUL MAGIC!
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS ON MY BACK?
FLAIL
SLOSH
THRASH
BLUNDER

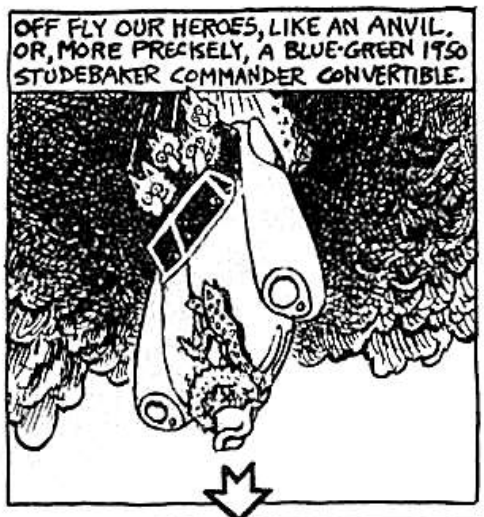
WE CAN CHANGE HIM INTO SOMETHING MORE MANAGEABLE, BUT WE CAN ONLY DO THIS ONCE EVERY TWO OR THREE YEARS!
ZAP!
SHRINK
SHRINK
SHRINK

HEY, THIS IS GREAT! MY VERY OWN PET MINIATURE FAT FREDDY-MOTH!
DON'T KILL ME! DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE!
OH, STOP WHINING! I'M GOING TO PLAY WITH YOU FOR A LONG, LONG, LONG TIME FIRST!

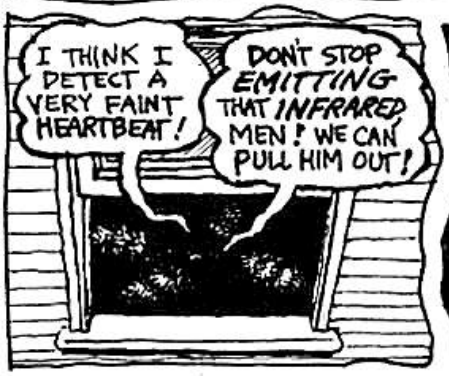
HOWEVER, THE PITIFUL AND CEASELESS CRIES OF THE PLUMP LITTLE FREDDY-INSECTOID PROVE TO BE TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE JADED SYMPATHY GLANDS OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT...
(WHINE!)(WHIMPER!) STOP! OH, NOW YOU'VE BROKEN MY WING! WHY ARE YOU SO MEAN? I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU! (SNIFFLE!) WELL, ALMOST NEVER...
SAY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SENT UPSTAIRS? DO YOU KNOW WHAT MICE LIKE TO DO WITH MOTHS?
AW, GOSH DARN IT, HERE! WOULD YOU LIKE A BITE OF THIS?


CONSEQUENTLY, THE EXQUISITE ENDOMORPHIC CROSS-BREED SOON DEVELOPS A TASTE FOR CAT FOOD.
HE'S GAINED BACK ALL HIS WEIGHT!
BURP!
...AND THEN SOME!
I CAN HEAR THE FRAMEWORK CREAKING!

YOU HAVE VISITED THIS PLAGUE UPON US, FAT FREDDY'S CAT, THEREFORE IT IS YOUR DUTY TO PILOT THE TURKEY OUT OF HERE! HERE'S THE KEY!
...AND TAKE YOUR RELATIVES WITH YOU!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS!


OFF FLY OUR HEROES, LIKE AN ANVIL. OR, MORE PRECISELY, A BLUE-GREEN 1950 STUDEBAKER COMMANDER CONVERTIBLE.

DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE NUMEROUS STAGES OF PARADISE: FIRST, THE DOGS', CAUSING THEM TO LOSE THEIR COMPOSURE.
OOPS! NOW HE'S A 1947 HARLEY!


I THINK I DETECT A VERY FAINT HEARTBEAT!
DON'T STOP EMITTING THAT INFRARED MEN! WE CAN PULL HIM OUT!

I BELIEVE THERE'S A DIM GLIMMER! PILE ON MORE COMICS, GUYS!

HE'S STIRRING! HE'S COMING AWAKE!
WE'VE SAVED HIM! HOORAY!

AND LATER, SOMEWHERE TOWARD THE BOTTOM, THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC LEVEL.
IF AH EVAH CATCH YEW SPEEDIN' THROUGH MAH BAILIWICK AGAIN, BWAH, AHM TAKIN' AWAY YOAH LICENSE!
FORGIVE THEM, FATHER, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!
THEY MUSTA BEEN DOIN' TWO HUNDRED!

EARTH HO!!!
PUT ON THE BRAKES NOW.
OR THE FLAPS, OR WHATEVER!

AARRRRRGHH!
WHICH ONE OF YOU CATS BARFED ON MY COMIC BOOKS?!

YOU! YOU! YOU! AND YOU! YOU ALL LOOK GUILTY AS HELL!!
I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE AND HANG YOUR MUTILATED PELTS FROM THE CLOTHESLINE AS A GRIM WARNING TO ALL CATS EVERYWHERE!
I HATE CATS! I HATE CATS! I HATE CATS!
THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET?
(SIGH!) IT'S A JUNGLE DOWN HERE, KIDS! KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!
Let there be none to extend mercy unto them:
HE'S REGRESSING IN TIME!
NOW HE DEFIES GRAVITY!
MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!
SPLAT!
T H U D!
The END

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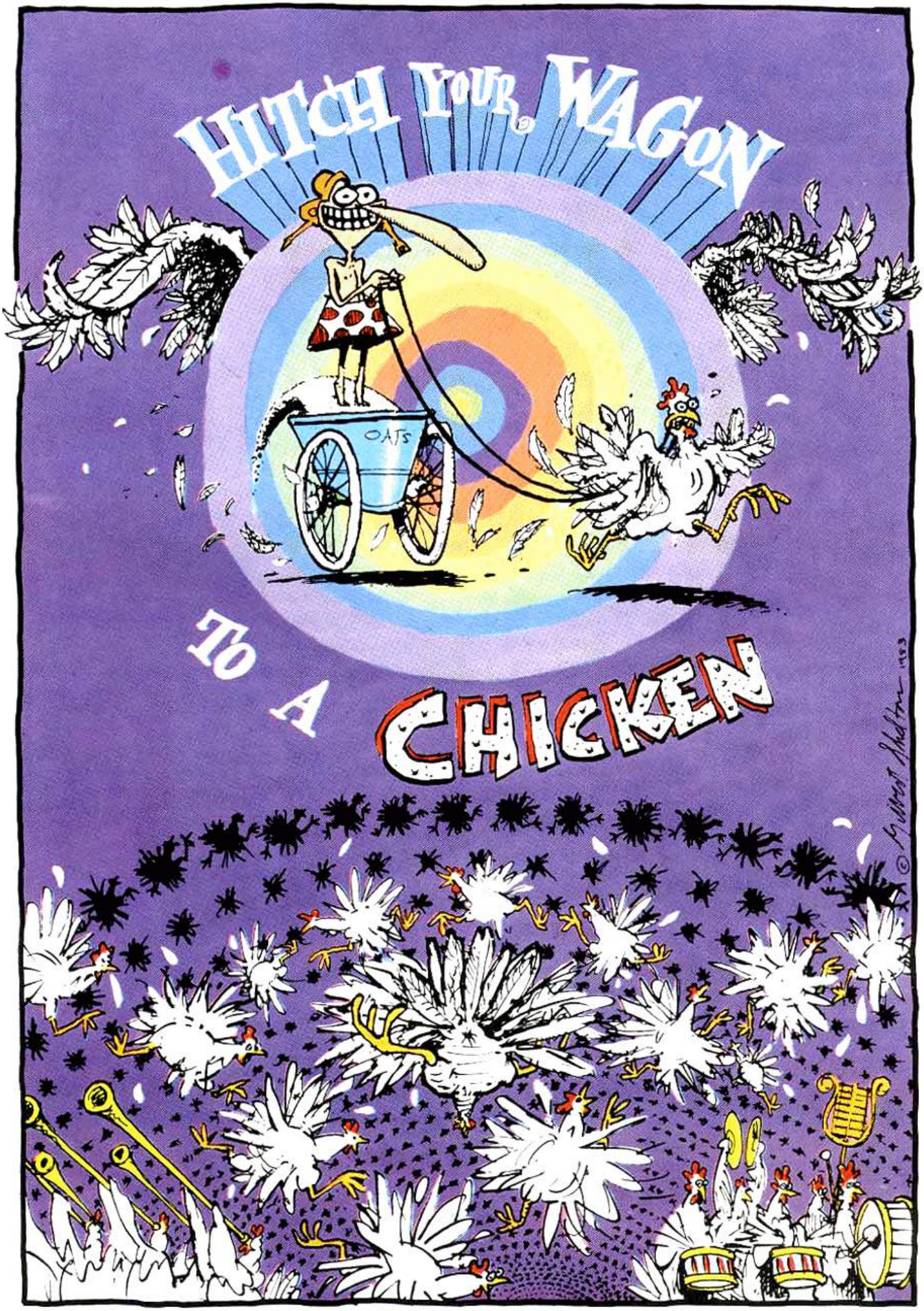

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